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One Halfpenny.

"NELSON" WIDOWS RELIEF FUND

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED TO RELIEVE IMMEDIATE DISTRESS



This poster, by Hassall, was used to advertise the performance at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday in aid of the victims of the Nelson Tea disaster.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



At her splendid residence, Stafford House, a grand charitable concert has been arranged for to-day, at which Mme. Albani and other famous singers will appear. The affair is for the benefit of the Furniture Trade's Orphans' Home.—(Ellis and Walery.)

BUBONIC PLAGUE AT LEITH.



The authorities at Leith are making every effort to stamp out the plague, the presence of which is attributed to rats brought from the East. The photograph shows "fenders" put on hawsers to keep rats from getting on or off a ship.

STAMPING OUT THE PLAGUE.



On the left, with his plague proclamation as a background, is Dr. William Robertson, Medical Officer of Health for Leith, who is stamping out the plague. On the right is a tenement in which a case occurred, with a health van at the entrance.

FRESH RUMOURS OF DISSOLUTION.

Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in Close Conference.

DECISION AWAITED.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain Determined To Resign.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—There has been a fresh crop of rumours in the Lobby this afternoon about dissolution. The only change in the situation of the past few weeks is the ultimatum which Mr. Chamberlain presented to Mr. Balfour recently, and everything depends upon whether the Premier can build another bridge between the two sections of Ministerialists on fiscal reform.

There is a growing feeling of indignation among tariff reformers at Mr. Balfour's extraordinary dilatoriness in replying, but he and Mr. Chamberlain were in close conference to-day, so that an answer may be looked for before the end of the present week.

The rumour is again current that Mr. Austen Chamberlain is determined to sever his connection with the Government at no very distant date. His attitude is said to be that unless Mr. Balfour falls in with the view of the member for West Birmingham with respect to an early dissolution he will before very long have to find another Chancellor of the Exchequer.

LIVELY DEBATE PROMISED.

When the subject of the Government agreement with the National Telephone Company comes on next Monday a strong effort will be made to amend some of the clauses. It is understood that Lord Stanley refuses to allow any alteration, and a lively debate is promised.

Interest will then turn upon the attitude of the Government. Mr. Balfour is said to be very anxious to go back to the former position and support the Bill as a temporary measure. This, of course, would mean the rejection of Mr. Lambert's amendment, and the throwing-over of Mr. Gerald Balfour, the President of the Board of Trade. Altogether, the position is a curious one, and a lively debate is anticipated.

To-morrow the Agricultural Rating Bill will come on at the Committee stage, and the question arises as to what the Government will do with Mr. Lambert's amendment, which Deputy-Speaker Jeffreys last week said would make absolute nonsense of the Bill. I am told that the clerks at the table are unanimously of the opinion that the amendment as it stands is perfectly in order, and I should not be surprised if it is accepted by Mr. Lowther to-morrow.

ANOTHER ANGRY SCENE.

Irish M.P.s Wrangle About a Dismissed Constable.

There was another turbulent scene in the House of Commons yesterday, in which the Irish members again took part.

It arose out of a request to the Chief Secretary for Ireland that he would grant an inquiry into the dismissal and reinstatement of Constable Anderson.

Mr. Long said he saw no reason why the inquiry should be granted, which led to Mr. John Redmond emphasizing Mr. Dillon's request.

Mr. William Moore: Has the Under-Secretary authorised the members for Waterford and Mayo to ask these questions. (National shouts of "Order!")

Mr. Redmond said he would at once reply to that insinuation. He had not had any communication with the Under-Secretary on the subject. (Nationalist cheers.)

Mr. Moore: Then the hon. member is not authorised to raise the question.

Mr. Dillon: I shall raise the question on the Chief Secretary's salary. (Nationalist cheers.)

Mr. McVeagh: The Ulster men will run away again. (Nationalist cheers.)

Mr. Redly: The cowards! (Laughter and Nationalist cheers.)

Two quaint little Chinese ladies toddled into the Central Lobby of the Houses of Parliament during the afternoon to hear the debate on Chinese labour in the Hereditary Chamber.

Dressed in all the delicate and multi-coloured finery of the Far East, with "trousers" edged with wonderful lace, their parchment faces, long, black plaits, and tiny feet, gave them a very striking and picturesque appearance.

The petite Celestina, accompanied by an Anglicised countryman, spent a considerable time in the Lobby, and, evidently tired, reclined on a settee before proceeding to the Gilded Chamber.

ROJESTVENSKY ILL.

Command of Fleet May Be Taken Over by Admiral Alexeieff.

St. Petersburg is concerned about the health of Rojestvensky. The commander of the Baltic Squadron is reported to be indisposed. The avowed cause is overwork.

According to a Central News message from Paris, Admiral Alexeieff will shortly go to Vladivostok to take over the command of the fleet if necessary. Similar intelligence emanates from other quarters.

It is Germany's turn now to incur the displeasure of the Japanese. A report has reached Tokio to the effect that a force of German troops has occupied Hai-chu, raised there the German flag, and saluted it.

If, says Reuter's Tokio correspondent, this rumour prove correct, such a change of the position in China would seriously complicate the war situation.

In Berlin last night an official denial was given to the strange story, and there, meantime, the matter rests. It is surmised that the report possibly arose from German gun-boats making a survey of the harbour.

Hai-chu is situated on the shores of an inlet behind the Yu-chu Promontory, ninety miles south of Kiaochow. It does not belong to the province of Shantung, over which Germany has hitherto persisted in claiming preferential rights, but is in the neighbouring province of Kiang-su.

SHEIKH'S FALSE TEETH.

Picturesque and Aged Potentate Moralises on Modern Dentistry.

Khartoum is now entertaining a picturesque visitor in the person of the Sheikh Mahommed Ali Omar Or, head of the Genlab Arabs.

He is a fine old man of ninety years, whose snow-white hair and eyebrows present a strange contrast to his long, sweeping beard, dyed a vivid red.

His influence around Stakin is paramount, and it was chiefly due to him that Osman Digna was captured.

Among other presents he has received is a set of false teeth, the work of a clever Khartoum dentist.

With these the old Sheikh expects to amaze his tribe when he returns to their midst, though he has his misgivings.

"God gave me teeth, and took them away when I grew old. He knows best," moralised the old man, who is nevertheless very proud of his teeth.

PEST OF FLIES.

Thousands of Foreign Insects Make Life at Cardiff Docks Almost Unbearable.

During the past few days Cardiff Docks have been plagued by millions of flies.

James-street, the principal thoroughfare of the docks for the supply of ship stores, is so infested with them that pedestrian traffic has been diverted to other streets.

The pests exist in considerable numbers throughout the district, and they are supposed to have been imported by a small fishing smack which arrived in Cardiff on Saturday, and which has since left.

At the pierhead yesterday the police and dock gatesmen were attacked by a great cloud of the insects, and were driven for shelter behind the closed doors of the watch-houses.

Unlike the British specimen they have long bodies. They crawl very slowly and bite savagely.

KAISER AND BISHOP.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Catholic Herald" says that the cordial meeting between the German Emperor and the Bishop of Metz improves the story alleging that the Emperor had made a violent attack upon the Bishop in connection with a question affecting the burial of Protestants in Catholic cemeteries.

LORD SELBORNE AT CAPE TOWN.

Lord Selborne, the High Commissioner of South Africa, arrived in Cape Town by the Walmer Castle yesterday morning.

The town was splendidly decorated, and his lordship was welcomed by the mayor in Greenmarket-square.

PYRAMIDS' LIGHTNING DANGER.

An enterprise is shortly to be started to equip the Egyptian Pyramids with lightning conductors.

Thunderstorms of a severity hitherto unknown have recently visited the neighbourhood of the Pyramids. This is thought to be due to the vast irrigation works recently completed on the Nile, which have had an unexpected effect upon the climate.

ACCIDENT TO LORD STANLEY.

Acts with Great Coolness in Hansom Cab Mishap.

Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, was the victim of a hansom cab accident last night.

He was being driven from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Westminster when on reaching New Bridge-street the horse, which was going at a good pace, stumbled and fell, Lord Stanley being thrown forward in much the same manner as was Mr. Chamberlain on the occasion of a similar mishap in Whitehall.

Happily his lordship was not hurt. He leaped from the cab, and was at the horse's head before the driver could dismount. He held the animal and helped to readjust some of the harness, which had been dislodged in the fall.

When horse and vehicle were righted his lordship resumed his seat and continued his journey.

£1,500 FOR A CONVICT.

Unexpected Windfall for a Man Now in Lewes Gaol.

A windfall of £1,500 has accrued from Chancery to a man named Francis Thomas, who is serving a sentence of three years' penal servitude in Lewes Gaol.

The sentence was inflicted at Cardiff for an attempt to murder a well-known bookmaker and pugilist named Morgan Crowther.

Thomas has had a romantic career.

When a child he was adopted by a wealthy gentleman, who left him a competence for life.

This he dissipated, and eventually became a bookmaker's clerk at Cardiff.

DEAD MAN SUED.

Young Teacher Claims Damages for Deceased's Breach of Promise.

In the Edinburgh Court of Session yesterday before Lord Pearson, a strange case was discussed.

Miss Mary Liddell, school teacher, of Dundee, sued the trustees of the late Robert Easton, of Hillhead, Glasgow, for £5,000 for breach of promise of marriage.

Miss Liddell states that Easton died in 1903, leaving £17,000. She met him in 1899, and from the first Easton paid her marked attention.

He proposed marriage twice, and in 1900 she accepted him. He afterwards obtained her parents' consent.

In September, 1901, Miss Liddell's father received a letter from Easton, stating he was broke down in health and it would be unwise to proceed with the wedding in October.

He had been insane and confined to a lunatic asylum for some years. Easton went back to the asylum, and died in 1903.

The case was adjourned.

WORKHOUSE ROMANCE.

Wealthy Hull Guardian To Marry a Pretty Pauper Inmate.

A remarkable piece of good fortune has befallen a female inmate of the Hull Workhouse.

She attracted the attention of one of the guardians of the workhouse, a widower, and a wealthy property-owner.

Although there is forty years difference in their ages—the guardian is seventy-four years old—he has determined to marry her.

The lady has accordingly been removed from the workhouse, and the wedding will shortly take place.

ARCHDEACON'S "SMOKER."

After the delivery of his charge at Newbury yesterday, the Archdeacon of Berkshire (Canon Ducat) invited clergy and laity to enjoy a smoke—an innovation which was greatly relished.

UNDERGROUND CABLE TO CARLISLE.

Before the year is out the underground cable service from London will be established as far north as Carlisle. The Postmaster-General yesterday announced that the pipes between Glasgow and Carlisle were laid, and the cable would shortly be drawn through them.

AIM OF EMPIRE DAY.

The Earl of Meath explains, by a circular, that the aim of the Empire Day movement is to encourage in schools a reasonable imperialism and local patriotism.

MARCH OF THE OUT-OF-WORKS.

Great Project of a Provincial Invasion of London.

MR. KEIR HARDIE'S PLAN.

Something on a very much bigger scale than the march of the Raunds strikers on London seems to be imminent.

All the unemployed men in the English provinces threaten to follow the example of the boot-makers.

Leicester, Glasgow, Newcastle, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham are up in arms, fearful lest the Unemployed Bill should be buried at the end of the session.

Should this be so, the unemployed of the nation are determined to know the reason why. Leicester is the originator of the movement.

In reply to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a labour leader of that city, Mr. Keir Hardie, has written that—

Unless the Government give the necessary undertaking, pressure should be applied outside Parliament.

He adds that he is watching "with interest and appreciation" the efforts being made for the proposed march.

As the spokesman of the Labour Party in the House, Mr. Keir Hardie will ask for the undertaking required.

The Manchester unemployed are actively engaged in making arrangements for the proposed pilgrimage. Casual wards are to be utilised on the road.

The wives of the men will apply for Poor-law relief during their absence, and their children will demand food at school.

The other large cities are reported to be falling into line.

FEMALE PICKET IN RAUNDS.

A Raunds woman, Mrs. Emma Jackson, was yesterday summoned for intimidating Rose Sykes with a view to preventing her working as a shoe machinist during the strike.

Mr. Simpson, who presided, complained that the witnesses were being prompted by someone at the back of the court. The Bench therefore ordered the court to be cleared. The defendant was fined £2 and 10s. costs.

A resolution was passed at a meeting at Raunds yesterday imploring the men of Wollaston and Bozot to assist the Raunds men in fighting for a living wage.

Official and semi-official returns prepared for the Labour Department of the Board of Trade show a general improvement in the trade of London and the provinces.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.

Leisured Classes Declared To Be the Worst Offenders in Pursuit of Pleasure.

"The leisured classes are the worst offenders in the matter of Sabbath breaking," said Canon McCormick, when presiding over the annual meeting of the Lord's Day Observance Society at Exeter Hall yesterday.

In the pursuit of pleasure they disregarded the rights of their servants by giving huge dinner-parties on Sunday.

Some even went so far as to obtain the service of public entertainers to perform after dinner.

The speaker also referred to the throng of pleasure-seekers who go up the river on Sunday, and declared that most of them had all the week in which to enjoy themselves.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Over sixty cases of typhoid have broken out at Fulbourn Asylum, Cambridge, the superintendent himself being down with the fever.

It is announced at New York that Mrs. Stanford has left an endowment of £200,000 wherewith to purchase books for the Stanford Library.

A passenger from Brava, Cape Verde Islands, to New Bedford was, says the "Boston Herald," seasick the entire twenty-five days of the trip, and tasted no food.

The piggins from the Ituri Forest will start from Cairo for Liverpool in a few days, says Reuter. They are to be sent back to their own country in the autumn.

M. Constans, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, is about to relinquish his post and return to Paris. The belief is entertained that he will succeed M. Delcasse as Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Serious floods are reported from Upper Italy. Vienna has been inundated, and at the little town of Cologna Veneta, near Verona, a railway bridge collapsed immediately after the passage of an express train.

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LONDON'S BUDGET
9½ MILLIONS.

What the L.C.C. Demands from
Its Ratepayers.

PILING UP THE DEBT.

During its next financial year the London County Council will spend £9,494,355, according to the estimates. This is ordinary expenditure, and does not include the borrowed money it is proposed to expend. In moving the adoption of these estimates at yesterday's meeting of the Council, Lord Welby, chairman of the Finance Committee, quoted some striking figures.

In order to meet this estimated expenditure, a rate of 2s. 11d. in the £ will be levied, an increase of 14d. on the preceding year. This rate is made up of 1s. 5d. for administrative purposes, and 1s. 6d. for education.

The revenue to be so obtained is estimated at £9,234,230, or £260,125 less than the proposed expenditure.

Turning to the question of the Council's debt, his lordship said on March 31 last the gross debt stood at £71,587,000. Against this they held certain assets applicable to the redemption of the debt amounting to £26,967,000, leaving the net debt at £44,620,000.

Last Year's Borrowings.

This includes the debt incurred by the late School Board for London—a sum of £11,549,525.

Of the total debt £38,998,000 has been expended in unremunerative undertakings, and £5,622,000 in undertakings of a remunerative character, such as tramways and dwellings for workmen.

Last year's borrowings really amounted to £23,588,495, of which £1,000,000 was expended in remunerative enterprises.

During the past five years £25,000,000 has been added to the Council's indebtedness.

Lord Welby congratulated the Council on the fact that its stock was well sought after, from which he concluded that the money market was satisfied that the money borrowed, although large in amount, had been judiciously laid out.

Referring to the proposed purchase of the North Metropolitan Tramway Company's lease, he said that the electrification of the whole system would immediately follow. This will cost from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000.

His lordship continued:—

"The total outlay of the Council upon the purchase and reconstruction of existing tramways and the construction of new tramways will in a few years' time have reached a total of £11,000,000 or £12,000,000.

Educational Burdens.

"The large additional burden which the service of education threatens to place upon the ratepayers makes it imperative that the Council should make every effort to relieve the ratepayer in other directions, and I think that the ratepayers should receive consideration, and that it ought to be consistent with the financial stability of the undertaking to contribute a certain sum annually in relief of the rates."

Lord Welby then referred to the growing importance of the increase in the rates.

It was due to the fact that the local taxation measures of 1888 and following years had not proved in the working most favourable to London. The London ratepayer, in his capacity of taxpayer, had to contribute largely to the relief of agricultural rates.

STILL M.P. FOR OLDHAM.

Mr. Winston Churchill Retains Seat Out of
Consideration for Conservatives.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., asked why he had not appealed to the electors of Oldham when he severed his connection with the Conservative Party, has sent the following reply:—

"When I became a declared opponent of the Government, I was elected to support, I forthwith placed my resignation in the hands of those gentlemen who had originally nominated me, to wit—the Oldham Conservative Association.

"These gentlemen did not choose to avail themselves of my offer; and it was in deference to their wishes—as far as I could learn then—that I consented to spare the constituency the trouble, and the Conservative organisation the injury, which such an election must inevitably have caused."

RATE-COLLECTOR MEETS DEFICIENCY

A report will be made to the Westminster City Council at the next meeting of certain irregularities reported against a rate-collector, who has resigned.

The official, however, has paid to the council from his private means sufficient to meet the deficiency.

In a letter to the council the collector says that he has been employed by the local authority for nineteen years, and he hopes that he will be given another chance to redeem his character.

QUEST OF GORILLAS.

Ambassador Sent from the Zoo To
Purchase Two.

In a supreme effort to keep a gorilla alive in this country, the Zoological Society have sent an ambassador to South East Africa to bring home two specimens.

Last August Venus and Chloe were brought to the Zoo. But on the voyage home they contracted pneumonia, and both died before they had been in the gardens a month.

More recently other gorillas have been imported, but the unsympathetic climate has been too much for them, so that to-day the Zoo does not possess a single specimen.

Robertson, the attendant of the famous Consul I. is the authority now gone forth, attached to an expedition equipped by Mr. G. L. Bates, an American collector, to try again.

He has been instructed to pay £5 or more for one or two specimens of young, healthy apes. He will go to Batanga in the Kamerun country, and apes will be brought to him there.

After the apes have become accustomed to their keeper and his ways, a cabin will be taken especially for them, and they will cross the ocean amid ideal surroundings.

Robertson will study their diet, the atmosphere in which they live, and the effect of the motion of the ship upon them. In this way it is hoped that they will reach this country well and strong enough to be reared at the Zoo. It is expected that Robertson and his gorillas will reach London by September.

ARCTIC HEROES.

Relief Parties Set Out in Search of Ziegler
Polar Expedition.

Bound for Tromsø, the Terra Nova sailed from the West India Dock yesterday to find Mr. Fiala and the thirty-five men with him, who form the Ziegler American Polar Expedition.

The Terra Nova is twenty years old, but her recent experiences in the Antarctic Relief Expedition have confirmed her reputation as one of the best ice boats in existence.

The Terra Nova will ship dogs and sleighs at Tromsø, and then proceed due north to Franz Josef Land in search of Mr. Fiala and his companions, of whom nothing has been heard since last July.

Another relief expedition, under Dr. Fassig, has gone from the United States to search the east coast of Greenland.

PNEUMATIC POST.

London's Scheme for the Rapid Transmission
of 80,000,000 Parcels per Annum.

The London County Council, several borough councils, and a number of electric supply and railway companies are opposing the Metropolitan Pneumatic Dispatch Bill, which came before a Select Committee of the House of Commons yesterday.

It was explained that the promoters proposed to establish a system of pneumatic transport within the Administrative County of London for the dispatch of parcels, goods, and messages.

The scheme was to lay down ninety-five miles of double 12-in. tubes with 172 stations, and to work them on the Bucheler system, which had been in successful operation in America for the past twelve years.

The capital of the company would be £4,000,000. The proposed average rate of the transmission of a parcel was thirty miles an hour. It was expected the tubes would carry 80,000,000 parcels per annum.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

Stafford House the Scene of a Great Concert
To-night for Orphan Homes.

Stafford House, the splendid town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, will be the scene of a remarkable social gathering to-night.

A grand charity concert, at which Mme. Albani, Mme. Marian Mackenzie, Messrs. Ben Davies, Plunkett Greene, and other well-known artists will take part, will be held in aid of the Cottage and Orphan Homes Fund of the Furniture Trades' Provident Association.

The gardens and terrace will be illuminated, and at the same time the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich will explain the objects of the fund.

MADAME MELBA AT COVENT GARDEN.

To-night witnesses Madame Melba's first appearance at the opera, when she will sing the part of Violetta in "La Traviata." As usual the evening promises to be one of the most brilliant of the season, every seat in the house being sold.

FIGHTING PLAGUE.

Precautions To Prevent the Spread
of Disease.

WAR ON RATS.

At all the British ports great precautions are being taken to prevent a spread of the plague which has broken out at Leith.

The work of repression is being prosecuted at the last-named place with unabated vigour, and is meeting with the best of results. There is an entire absence of new cases.

There are now about forty persons under observation in the reception house, but none of them have shown the slightest sign of having contracted the disease, and the confinement is telling on their tempers.

The condition of Mrs. Hughes and children yesterday was favourable. In the infected area the houses are being daily visited to ascertain whether there is any illness among the inhabitants, who have been specially warned to keep their windows open.

The Leith shipping agents yesterday received information that the Dutch Government will detain all vessels from Leith in quarantine until they have been inspected by the Dutch medical officers.

Shipping Precautions.

The steps taken by the Public Health Department are not such as to impose any restrictions on Leith shipping, and the examination of vessels before they leave Leith is purely optional.

Owners, however, are taking advantage of the offer of the Health Department, and practically all the vessels are being examined before leaving.

Stringent measures are being taken at the Port of London.

"The regulations now enforced," said Dr. Herbert Williams, Medical Officer of Health to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "are those issued by the Local Government Board in 1896.

"All vessels arriving from foreign ports are visited by the boarding medical officer, and in case of vessels arriving from infected ports he makes a personal examination of persons on board. If there is disease the vessel must be thoroughly fumigated and the patients removed and isolated.

"If the ship is healthy the names and addresses of all persons on board are taken, and they are allowed to go home, but the medical officer of each district is notified by post of their arrival.

Britain's Clean Record.

"Leith is now, of course, an infected port, the only one in the United Kingdom.

"There are at present two vessels in the Thames which came from Leith, but after examination they were found to be quite clean and free from plague.

"The Port of London Sanitary Committee presents a report to the Corporation of the City of London. All expenses are paid out of the City's cash, and not out of the rates.

"Every effort is made to keep down the number of rats as much as possible. A return is made of the number caught and destroyed, both on vessels and in dock. In 1904 the number was 65,595.

"I cannot imagine how the plague reached Leith. It is a port whose trade is chiefly with the Baltic, which is fairly free from the plague."

"In all ports, English and foreign, now, the health authorities have issued special instructions to captains with reference to the plague. Square plates, as shown in the photograph on another page, must be attached to all hawser between ships and the shore in order to prevent infected rats from running up the ropes, and so conveying the disease."

TITLED TRADESMEN.

The Aristocracy Enter Freely Into the Busy
Arena of Commerce.

Aristocratic shopkeepers are becoming quite common in London.

On another page are shown photographs of the Marquis of Londonderry's coal office, of Lady Wimborne's bookstore in Dover-street, of the School of Needlework in Bond-street, founded by Lady Warwick, and of Lord Rayleigh's milk and egg shop in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Is the day coming when a duke will canvass for orders for his own laundry and a viscount call "Will you Buy! Buy!" outside his own meat-shop?

LACEMAKING REVIVAL.

A wonderful collection of modern lace, made in North Bucks and Bedfordshire, was for sale yesterday at Surrey House, where Princess Alexander of Teck performed the opening ceremony.

The Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Grenfell, Lady Chesham, and Lady Rothschild assisted at the stalls yesterday afternoon, and among their wares were some specimens of the lace destined for the trousseau of Princess Margaret of Connaught, who has given the association an order.

RADIUM DELUSIONS.

Samples Among the Public Proved Not
To Be Genuine.

Sir William Ramsay has discovered that all is not radium that looks like it. Many people are deluded into supposing they possess samples of radium, which is now valued at £178,000 an ounce.

It will be remembered that recently, through the medium of the *Daily Mirror*, Sir William appealed to the public to accept the reasonable price offered by scientific men for the rare metal, thereby conferring a benefit upon the nation.

"I have received," Sir William said, "quite a surprising number of parcels from all parts of the kingdom, but up to the present I have not yet been able to examine all the samples.

"Those I have examined, I regret to say, suggest a rather alarming state of affairs in the radium trade.

"Many samples contained no radium at all. The great bulk of them contained so infinitesimal a portion as to be entirely valueless, and this, notwithstanding that in certain cases the receipt for the price paid by the purchaser was sent me as a guarantee that the sample contained radium.

"Radium is like milk: you cannot tell what is in it till you analyse it, and people seem to take it on trust.

"Unlike milk, however, there is unfortunately no legal standard by reference to which frauds might be punished.

"Of the many parcels examined only one yielded an appreciable quantity of radium—about a milligram, worth, say, £2 10s."

HIS ANCESTRAL HOME.

Collier's Twenty Years' Struggle To Recover
His Great-Grandfather's Inn.

A romantic story occupied the County Court Judge at Haverfordwest yesterday, when Lewis Wilson, a collier, of Porth, Glamorganshire, brought an action against G. Nicholas, of Fishguard, in an attempt to gain his ancestral home, the Golden Lion Inn, Fishguard.

Twenty years ago an aunt informed Wilson that if he could prove he was heir-at-law to his great-grandfather he could establish his title to the Golden Lion.

His efforts to prove his descent have occupied him nearly twenty years, and he has had to make journeys computed at 18,000 miles and to obtain sixty-seven different certificates.

It was urged against him that he was barred by the statute of limitations, but Wilson produced evidence that a nominal rent had been paid within the statutory period of twelve years, and that he was heir-at-law.

The Judge reserved his decision.

IRISH CARTER'S SIGN.

Writes His Name in the Saxon Letters of
Alfred the Great.

There was an interesting discussion in the King's Bench Division, Dublin, yesterday, as to whether Neill McBride was rightly convicted at Dunfangan Petty Sessions, Co. Donegal, for not having his name printed in legible letters on his cart. McBride's name was written in Irish characters in the Irish form—Niall Macgiolla Brighide—and the magistrates fined him a shilling.

Mr. Walsh, for McBride, said that the letters used were those employed by the Saxons in the time of Alfred the Great.

Lord Chief Justice O'Brien instanced the case of a Turk or a Chinaman coming to the North of Ireland and writing his name in Turkish or Chinese characters.

Judgment was reserved.

ABSENT-MINDED WITNESS.

Takes His Boots Off in Law Courts and Walks
Down the Strand Barefooted.

Overpowered by the slow process of the law in an action which came before one of the Judges at the Law Courts yesterday, a witness retired to the cool corridor to revive himself by slumber.

Before taking his nap, however, he removed his boots and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke he marched out into the Strand, apparently having forgotten that he was bootless.

Half an hour later he returned wearing another pair of boots. His deserted pair had in the meantime been well looked after at the Law Courts lost property office.

COUNTESS AND THE CYCLIST.

The Countess of Warwick, while motoring through Epping recently, collided with a cyclist. She stopped immediately, conveyed the injured man to a hotel, and sent for a doctor. She also paid for the damage done to the bicycle and the doctor's bill. The injuries to the cyclist were not serious.

INSANE WIFE BEGS FOR DEATH.

Terrible Tragedy Enacted in an Asylum Ward.

HUSBAND'S FATE.

A tragedy, heartrending in its poignancy and despair, has been enacted at the London County Council Asylum at Horton, near Epsom.

The story reads more like an excerpt from the pages of fiction than an actual chapter from real life.

Walter James Harry Clapham is a wheelwright's labourer, who lives at Camden-grove North, Peckham. There was a shadow on his life.

His wife, Bessie Amelia, had to be placed under restraint, and her distracted husband sent her to the Horton Asylum. Here he used to visit her, but, although he tried to bear up under the trouble, he felt the indignity terribly, and the thought of his motherless children preyed sadly upon his mind.

Last Monday was visiting day. Clapham went to see his wife as was his wont. Just as he was about to leave the institution one of the female attendants went into the women patients' room.

There she found Mrs. Clapham lying on the floor. In her throat was a wound, from which the poor woman died in the course of a few minutes.

Clapham was at once placed under arrest. He offered no resistance. When he was searched there were found upon him part of a safety razor, two letters, and a pass admitting him to the asylum.

A Pathetic Scene.

The most remarkable part of the sad story was related at the Epsom Police Court yesterday.

Clapham, who is a well-built man, appeared in the dock in a dark suit and a flannel shirt. The poor fellow was a pitiable spectacle of anguish. Burying his face in his hands he burst into tears.

The strong man's frame was shaken with sobs. Sergeant Blackman told how he arrested Clapham on a charge of murder. "Yes," replied the man, "that's right. I am ready, sir, if you are. I don't care," he added despairingly, "where I go now, as long as she has gone. I would not let a cat of mine come to this building. She begged me to bring something in to do it with."

Later, at Epsom Police Station, Clapham stated, "Thank God, she is out of her misery. I am suffering, too, and the sooner they hang me the better, for the sake of my dear child."

The Chairman (to Clapham): Do you wish to ask the officer any questions?

Clapham: No, sir; nothing to-day.

When the order for a remand until Monday was made, Clapham was removed in a fainting condition.

Haunted by Suicide.

Clapham has been employed for the last eleven years in the repairing department of a jobmaster named Greenfield, in Southampton-street, Peckham.

His wife's insanity is said to have originated last autumn in the fear of the approaching birth of her second child.

She was also much upset by her husband's discovery of his master's son's body hanging in one of the sheds in which they worked.

She had more than once told her husband's foreman that she could see in her sleep the body hanging in the shed. It constantly haunted her.

Her mind became so affected that she went to the workhouse on her doctor's advice until the birth of the child, and then after two or three weeks at home she was taken to Horton Asylum.

In her letters home she pleaded piteously with her husband to come and kill her, and this continual plea must have preyed on Clapham's mind.

DETECTIVE STRATEGY.

Another Arrest in London for the Paris Murder Mystery.

A third man named William Belle has been arrested in connection with the Paris murder mystery, and appeared at Bow-street yesterday.

In his possession were found bonds corresponding in number to those taken from the murdered woman, Mme. Laurent. They were wrapped in a copy of "Le Journal," which bore the date of May 6—two days after the crime was committed.

The prisoner asked that two men with whom he had been in negotiation respecting the disposal of the bonds should be called as witnesses.

Detective Sexton caused some laughter by informing the Court that the men in question had acted under his orders, and the prisoner was remanded.

KILLED BY ADVERTISEMENT.

While reading a newspaper James Farrell, a barman, fell in a fit and died. At the inquest a witness stated that the fit followed the reading by the deceased of an advertisement for someone to fill his place.

OUR BOYS.

Plea for Simpler Living and Longer Hours of Rest.

A striking plea for the linking of school and home life was made by Dr. Burge, headmaster of Winchester, at the conference of the Parents' National Education Union yesterday.

Dr. Burge complained that the old-fashioned schoolroom life and the old-fashioned quiet holidays had disappeared.

He found in their stead a regular late dinner, a glass of wine, a cigarette, concert shooting, grouse driving, hunt balls, trips to the Continent, and the run of the theatres.

He knew of nothing which made him so much inclined to weep or rage as the sight of the young man who stepped out on to the platform at Oxford and there deliberately cut away the ties which bound him to a good home.

The sleep required by growing boys was the subject of a paper by Dr. T. Dyke Acland, who said the minimum amount should be from nine to nine and a half hours.

Dr. Acland said that temporary success in obtaining scholarships could not compensate for lack of rest, and quoted Dr. Weldon, who had mentioned the many cases of brilliant school boys, in after life, "absolutely disappeared."

SCHOOLBOYS TEST BEER.

Sir John Turney Thinks They'd Better Drink It Than Analyse It.

Sir John Turney was in a humorous vein at Nottingham City Council yesterday.

He ridiculed the suggestion that more police were wanted, by pointing out that the leisurely gait of policemen in the streets did not give the impression that they had an unlimited amount of work to do.

Sir John next turned to criticise the education committee.

A year or two ago, he said, he went into one of the school laboratories, and found the boys—lads of fifteen or sixteen—trying to analyse beer. They had been set to try and find arsenic in it!

"It was utterly ridiculous," said Sir John. "It would have done them far more good to have drunk it." (Laughter.)

INNOCENT MAN IN GAOL.

Prisoner Was Convicted of a Robbery That Took Place While He Was in Bed.

After serving several months in Wormwood Scrubbs on a charge of being concerned in a robbery with a man named Marshall, it is probable that John Croucher, a Chelsea man, will be released and will have his innocence proclaimed. He was arrested on an accusation of stealing a pair of boots from a shop in King's-road. From the very first he vigorously asserted that he was in bed at the time the robbery was committed, and he has petitioned the Home Secretary from his cell.

Croucher's statement is corroborated by a Mrs. Marshall, the wife of the man Marshall, who was convicted with Croucher for complicity in the crime.

Mrs. Marshall disappeared from her old home in Chelsea, and only just recently the police have succeeded in tracing her to an address in Pimlico, when she made a statement that Croucher was not the man who was with her husband at the time of the burglary.

TRAFFIC IN OLD HORSES.

Magistrate's Severe Remarks Upon a Cruel Overseas Trade.

Striking revelations of a cruel traffic in lame old horses were made at the Thames Police Court yesterday.

John Ellett, 24, Bridge-street, Homerton, was sentenced to a month's hard labour for causing a horse to be improperly conveyed in a cattle-float for shipment abroad.

An officer said the horse suffered from a canker, which had eaten up to the bottom of the coronet, so that the foot fell off after the animal was slaughtered.

Mr. Mead, the magistrate, said the whole traffic was a most creditable one. It was a matter of great regret that the persons immediately responsible for putting these poor horses on the ships were not prosecuted.

Inspector Rogers, of the R.S.P.C.A., said the society were taking steps to prosecute the captains for shipping the horses.

"GENTLY AS A SUCKING PIG."

"I said yesterday, my learned friend, Mr. Freeman 'soured as gently as a sucking dove,'" said Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., before a Committee of the House of Lords.

"I ask permission to correct the notes, where they have got it 'sucking pig.'"

PLAINTIVE VICAR.

Tells Judge His Wife Is Cruel to Him, His Pets, and His Windows.

Almost every day the Divorce Court is called upon to sympathise with wives who have been ill-treated by their husbands.

But the converse is rarely seen—a husband charging his wife with cruelty.

Such a curiosity was brought to the Court's notice yesterday in the person of the Rev. Sylvester John James Sullivan Le Maistre, formerly vicar of Everingham in Yorkshire.

Mrs. Le Maistre had brought a petition for restitution of conjugal rights against the vicar, and he had retaliated by demanding a decree of judicial separation, alleging that his wife had been cruel to him.

The acts of cruelty detailed by Mr. Barnard, the vicar's counsel, were directed rather against the vicar's belongings than against the vicar.

For instance, soon after the marriage, which took place in 1892, Mrs. Le Maistre, while out for a walk with the vicar, unaccountably lost her temper with the vicar's dog.

She also twice smashed the glass in her husband's conservatory, and on another occasion showed great cruelty to the drawing-room and dining-room windows at the vicarage, reducing them to wrecks.

Once, when Mrs. Le Maistre was in an asylum, she announced her intention, it was stated, of "doing for" the vicar, and burning down the vicarage.

On the lady's behalf, Mr. Priestley, K.C., said that she had now recovered her mental health, and earnestly desired to live with her husband.

At the president's suggestion, a deed of separation by private arrangement was drawn up.

LAMENT OF DOCTORS.

Complain That "Trade Is Bad" Because Sanitary Arrangements Are So Good.

Luke Smith, jun., a bottle-dealer carrying on business in South-street and Alace-street, Walworth, answering a judgment summons in Lambeth County Court yesterday, stated that his business consisted almost entirely of supplying bottles to doctors.

Things were so bad with them, now that his takings were nothing to what they used to be.

Judge Emden: Why is business so bad with doctors?

Smith: They tell me that the sanitary arrangements have been made so good that business is not now what it used to be.

Judge Emden: Pay 10s. a month until the doctors' business gets better.

FOURTEEN REMANDS.

Servian Discharged After Long Detention Gratefully Thanks the Officials.

After fifteen appearances at Bow-street, Voislav Ivkovich, who has been in custody for fourteen weeks, was discharged.

It was alleged that he had embezzled money from the Servian Government whilst acting as secretary to the Servian Legation at Constantinople, but it was yesterday stated that evidence was not forthcoming against the man.

Sir Albert de Rutzen said he had gone as far as any Court could go, and had become a kind of Public Prosecutor by pointing out to the Servian Government the nature of the evidence required to complete the case in such a way as would justify him in committing the prisoner for extradition.

Before leaving the dock Ivkovich thanked the magistrate and the officials for the kindness which had been shown to him during the time he had been under remand.

WORKLESS ARMY MEN.

Lord Roberts Asks Special Consideration for Ex-Soldiers.

"Preferential treatment to ex-soldiers," was the text of Lord Roberts's speech at the annual meeting of the National Association for Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers yesterday.

"Some of the best servants I ever had, and some of the most able clerks I have known, were old soldiers," he added. "But it is a lamentable fact that in the Government offices, apart from the War Office, only nine ex-soldiers last year found employment."

Although trade was very slack last year, the association found employment for 10,712 ex-soldiers. Out of these 1,080 became labourers, 1,492 postmen, 734 railway porters, and 125 policemen.

CONSTABLE'S LEAP DOWN A WELL.

Constable Atkins, of Castlencroft, Norfolk, who was suffering from a chill and depression, rushed downstairs in his shirt and leaped into a well.

The jury yesterday found a verdict of Suicide while temporarily of unsound mind.

ENGLISH AMATEURS' STRONG SIDE.

Australians To Meet a Better Bowling Team Than at the Crystal Palace.

TEST MATCH TOPICS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

If all the advertised players down to play for the Gentlemen against the Australians to-morrow at Lord's—H. K. Foster, C. B. Fry, A. C. MacLaren, P. F. Warner, G. L. Jessop, H. Martyn, W. H. B. Evans, H. C. McDonnell, G. W. Beldam, H. Hesketh-Pritchard, and W. Breatley—are able to take the field, the Australians will meet a very strong combination, which ought to be good enough to make them work hard to win.

The batting, as will be seen, is wonderfully strong, though one misses with regret the names of K. S. Ranjitsinhji and F. S. Jackson, especially the latter, in view of his fine performance on Monday.

Fry and the Australians.

Undoubtedly the most interesting feature of the match will be how C. B. Fry shapes against the Colonials, as he has yet to make a big score against our friendly foes. Most people, even the Australians, I believe, are inclined to underrate Fry's abilities in Test matches, and his admirers will be very anxious to see him hammer a nail into the coffin which will, probably, shortly swallow this misguided theory.

"You needn't worry about MacLaren," a good judge of the game said the other day. "The Australians are meat and drink to him. He must do well against them now that he has once started."

Let us hope this eminent judge was correct. It is curious to note the manner in which some players suddenly become underrated without any particularly obvious reason. P. F. Warner is, if I may be allowed to say so, going through this experience quite unjustifiably, and to-morrow will give him an opportunity of proving just how good he really is.

Jessop Always Dangerous.

All these players are well in the running for the first Test match, and with them must be bracketed G. L. Jessop, always providing that his injured knee and hand experience a speedy recovery. "You're never safe with Jessop against you," is almost a proverb now, and the inclusion of such a performer must strengthen the morale of a side enormously. Undoubtedly he will be under consideration when the selection committee take their difficult task in hand.

Besides the foregoing, there are other very fine bats on the side, among whom H. K. Foster seems to be the most dangerous stumbling block to a fine analysis. His 50 against the professionals at Lord's last year will not be readily forgotten by those that saw the match.

Turning to the bowling, it will be seen that the Gentlemen's bowling is much stronger than it was at the Palace, as, although Ottell and Grace seem to be missed from the side, H. Hesketh-Pritchard, W. H. B. Evans, and A. C. McDonnell ought to more than make up for their loss. These three, with W. Breatley, G. W. Beldam, and G. L. Jessop, make up a strong bowling side with a very good mixture of fast, medium, and slow in the salad.

Jones, who got 76 at Lord's yesterday, will be a notable absentee from the side. He is in wonderful form this year, and must be almost a certainty for the first Test match.

A Team for England.

Besides Jones there will be ten others out for England, and I submit in all humility my idea, founded on what, except authority, I have been able to collect, of whom they will consist. F. S. Jackson (captain), A. C. MacLaren, C. B. Fry, B. J. T. Bosanquet, Hayward, Arnold, Hirst, Rhodes, and Lilley are my selections, with Breatley, Warren, and perhaps Wass competing for the last place.

That there is much to be said for many other players who are not mentioned is admitted, and many are bound to disagree with me.

After all, the most important point is, What do Lord Hawke, P. F. Warner, and J. A. Dixon think?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBIN HOOD.—Yes, most of these terms are used colloquially by the younger generation of cricketers. 2. Yes, "pouched" stands for caught.

TANKARD.—The cow-hoof is played by dropping the right knee and sweeping the ball round to leg. 2. Yes, Captain Wynyard plays the shot very frequently.

TOWN OF LANE.—Shut the door. Stroke. Yes, I believe the expression is taken from golf.

CONSTANT READER.—You will find the explanation you desire in the *Daily Mirror* of May 13.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

THE KING AT NEWMARKET.

His Majesty on the Exercise
Grounds—Lord Dalmeny's
Good Fortune.

EXCELLENT DAY

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Tuesday Night.—The King has been busy since his arrival here in matters other than racing. His Majesty visited Egerton House stables and closely inspected that palatial training establishment.

The King, accompanied by Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Arthur James (senior steward of the Jockey Club), was present when Richard Marsh gave several horses a stripped gallop. The morning was delightful, but the afternoon had grown dull long before his Majesty drove up to the race-course.

It was determined not to run Chatsworth in the Burwell Plate. Others besides the royal candidate succeeded, and Union Jack was indulged in a walk-over. In the other races there were plenty of runners—an aggregate number of some ninety competing.

LORD DALMENY'S SUCCESS.

Lord Dalmeny opened the programme by winning the Trial Plate with Caravel, and, as usual with this division, entering young sportsmen, there was some heavy betting. The principals must have wagered to a pretty tune. The stake was scarcely worth 400 sovs; Caravel, entered to be sold for £500, was afterwards bought in for 900 guineas, so there was an actual loss on this side of the transaction, and the only profit could have been over the wagering.

Lord Dalmeny has commenced well in flat-racing with the few horses in his ownership. His father was not present to-day, and up to a late hour Lord Rosebery had not sent word whether Cicero should run to-morrow in the Newmarket Stakes. It was remarked as a coincidence that Lely in the Rosebery colours won the event last year corresponding to Caravel's race to-day. An opponent of Caravel's was Caiman, one of the two horses which in their time lowered Flying Fox's colours.

A MODEST BET.

Caiman, now nine years old, was then the property of the late Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and I well remember hearing that gentleman giving the order to back Caiman for £100—“Merely a £100; it is for a lady, and I don't believe he can beat Flying Fox.”

It remains to be seen whether Lord Dalmeny will have the good fortune which fell to Lord Rosebery of winning a classic race while still a comparatively young man. If report be true, that early racing cost vast sums of money, and it was a very long time afterwards before Ladas (second of the name), Sir Visto, and company were heard of.

Mr. Musker's extraordinary run of luck with the early produce of Melton was followed by a disheartening sequence, and of late his colours have not been seen on many winners. It was therefore pleasant to see Melodius make in the Visitors' Handicap. There was a long delay at the post, the plates having been broken by some unruly competitors. Melodius made practically all the running, and not one of the fancied division got within striking distance.

D'ORSAY'S FINE VICTORY.

Lord Westbury was doubly represented in the Somerville Stakes, a race identified with the Tattersalls, as every yearling sold by that firm is eligible to compete. Sir Edgar Vincent's Ualume proved best, as after waiting on Lord H. Vane Tempest's Crest, she came through in the dip, to win cleverly from Serenata, albeit the latter was travelling much the faster at the finish.

That capable trainer, Charles Waugh, had the satisfaction of following up the Melodius win by turning out another in D'Orsay for the much more important Newmarket Handicap. The good and improving form recently shown by Ravilious caused him to be bracketed with Romer in market favouritism, but D'Orsay was well backed at 5 to 1. There were other very strong horses engaged, such as Glenamoy, Pharisee, Exchequer (last year's winner), Admiral Breeze, and others. So it yielded a capital race.

Pharisee ran exceedingly well under a heavy weight, and was only beaten a head for second place by the erratic Anson, both of whom succumbed to D'Orsay in a pretty finish. Mr. Beddington's colt displayed his usual antipathy at the starting-gate, but eventually got well away. Romer, so much fancied for the Jubilee Stakes, in which he finished fifth, had now to rest content with fourth place.

Valpino, sold at a recent Newmarket meeting for 240 guineas, showed himself worth much more by winning the Selling Plate for two-year-olds from no fewer than twenty opponents.

GREY FRIARS.

Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme will be found on p. 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Lady Guilford, seized with a serious illness at Waltham, has, says a last night's Dover telegram, been removed to London to undergo an operation.

To-day is the fifth anniversary of the relief of Mafeking.

A half-farthing, a coin now obsolete, bearing the date 1839, was found in the offertory at a mission at Chepstow Hall, Peckham.

One result of the Torrey-Alexander mission in London is that a “revival” has taken place amongst a number of clerks at the War Office, where a class for Bible study has been established.

So little injured by a market gardener's trap knocking him down and passing over his head was Cecil Taylor, an eleven-year-old Exeter boy, that he was able to get up and walk home.

Supposed to have been knocked down by an express train, the dead body of a gentleman found at St. Albans was identified yesterday as that of Mr. G. Buckley Hill, solicitor, of Bedford and Chancery-lane. His widow is said to be a cousin of the Lord Chief Justice.

“Stocktaking” took place at the ninety-odd stations of the London Fire Brigade yesterday. It is a tedious business, and is gone through every year. The gear is piled up in the centre of the engine-room, and everything has to be accounted for.

Cranes of American invention are being built at each end of the new battleship Lord Nelson, the keel of which is to be laid to-morrow at Jarrow. Trolley cranes will travel on three strong steel hawsers stretched between, and the labour of conveying material will be greatly lessened thereby.

Two thousand of the loveliest girls in the Emerald Isle are assisting in the All-Ireland Temperance Bazaar, which Lady Fingall opened at Balls Bridge, Dublin, yesterday.

Thousands of people witnessed the arrival at Grimsby yesterday of the Channel Fleet.

Mr. George Goodetham, who was born at Scole, Norfolk, and who emigrated to Canada, has just died worth £5,000,000.

Overwhelmed by a sudden collapse of chalk whilst in a pit at Heacham, Norfolk, a railway fireman named Barrett, of King's Lynn, was yesterday buried alive.

Stitched to the underskirt of a woman remanded at West London yesterday on a charge of shoplifting was a piece of calico making a pocket quite a yard long.

Failing compliance with a notice to remove the revolving light from the lower building of the London Coliseum, a magistrate's decision as to whether the device is a sky-sign within the meaning of the London Building Act, 1894, will be obtained by the Westminster City Council.

Compromise has been arrived at, it is said, on the question of musical copyright, and a Bill will shortly be introduced. This will retain the seizure clauses of the previous measure, and will make it a penal offence for anyone to have pirated music in his possession.

Official returns of immigration issued last night show that during April 18,791 aliens arrived in the United Kingdom from the Continent. Of these 11,039 were stated to be en route to places out of the kingdom, an increase of 2,327 as compared with April, 1904.

TWO NEW SUFFRAGAN BISHOPS.



Rev. John Cox Leake, Hon. Canon of Rochester Cathedral and Rural Dean of Woolwich, has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Woolwich.—(Russell.)



Rev. Cecil Hook, vicar of All Saints, Leamington, and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral, has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Kingston-on-Thames.—(Russell.)

Whilst Robert Binmore was ringing the curfew bell at Totnes, Devon, the rope broke and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg. A deputy has been appointed to toll the bell until Binmore is better.

Officials of the Allan Line at Liverpool yesterday stated that they knew nothing of the reported offer by a British syndicate to buy their steamers for three millions sterling.

Burglars who broke into the vicarage at New Malden stole, among other things, the vicar's dinner and cigars and his cook's apron. Spirits were left untouched by the marauders, who left their gloves behind them.

Delegates representing 15,000 members met at Bristol yesterday for the Dockers' Congress. Mr. Ben Tillet said the miners' stop-day action, which had mulcted miners in £100,000 judgment, was an invitation to fleeing.

Subject to the approval to-morrow of the City Corporation, a memorial to the officers and men of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) who fell in the South African war will be placed in the Guildhall.

Numerous employees benefit under the will of the late Mr. William Garton, of Woolston, Southampton, who left a fortune of £519,435. He was one of the founders of the Anglo-Bavarian Brewery at Shepton Mallet and a great authority on the chemistry of brewing.

Twenty thousand pounds was left by Mr. James Donald, of Glasgow, to the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College for the purpose of giving a sound education in practical chemistry and mechanics.

Steady improvement in the aged Earl of Leicester's condition was being maintained last night.

On the Surrey side of the river, above Isleworth Ferry, the nightingale's song has charmed many hearers during the last few evenings.

In Barsham Church, Suffolk, a window has been dedicated to the memory of Catherine Suckling (mother of Admiral Lord Nelson), who was born in that parish.

To-morrow the City Corporation will be asked to recommend the Government to appoint a commission to inquire into the proposal to construct a barrage across the Thames at Gravesend.

Under the patronage of the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, the entertainment given yesterday at the Mansion House in aid of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest was a great success.

Returns issued last night show that the decrease in the amount of exceptional distress in London and the provinces was more than maintained in April. There was a great falling off in the number of towns reporting abnormal slackness of work.

Besides involving much trouble, said Mr. Bal-four to Mr. MacNeill yesterday in the House of Commons, it would be invidious to make a return specifically of Crown Ministers and titled persons fined during two years for speedy motoring.

Mr. Michael Williams, J.P., of Old Burlington-street, who died worth £102,687, bequeathed his valet a legacy of £200, a year's wages, and an annuity of £50. In trust for the successor in the family baronetcy he left £50,000. A cabman who had often driven him benefited to the extent of £45.

THE CITY.

Clearing Up the Wreckage—West
African Troubles.

FAIR TRAFFICS.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The stock markets are still suffering from the sins of the speculators. Having got out of their depth, and being forced to sell, the belated ones found themselves short of money, and the three recent failures are the tribute. There are more to be offered on the altar of sound finance if the depression goes much further. A good many people who last account managed to scramble round the corner will be found out if prices go much worse. We cannot have kindly protection of culprits over settlement periods without paying the piper, unless a few millionaire investors would oblige by coming forward and accepting responsibilities. The millionaires keep quiet, and the small investor is no more seen.

This is the true explanation of the market position, whatever else may be said. It seems that the nineteenth-day account is to live up to the evil repute of its kind. A nineteen-day account, especially with a holiday in the middle, ought to be on the permanent black list. But while everybody knows what really is the matter, everybody talked glibly to-day about politics.

If anybody holds securities which can make up their mind that most of them are not worth quite so much now as they were twenty-four hours ago. They got Consols down to 90 at one time to-day, and the close was 90.1-16. The Wynberg loan is not meeting with much of a reception. It is too small for one thing, and no premium was mentioned on it to-day, but after all, we have had a great number of these minor South African issues. The Standard Bank of South Africa must have done very well for itself as an issuing house, in addition to setting free considerable amounts of assets against that South African revival which the mining men assure us will come some day. Standard Bank shares rose £1 to-day.

SOUTH-EASTERN EYE-OPENER.

Traffic returns this week are working out rather mixed, but really they are not bad. To-day's South-Eastern, Chatham £5.07, increase was almost an eye-opener, for it went against a fair increase last year, and Dover “A” was quite a bright spot in a day of gloom. The Great Eastern traffic decrease of £1,300 was poor. It went against a loss in the corresponding week last year. Great Easterns, like nearly all other Home Railway stocks, were lower for the day. Brighton “A,” in fact, was flat at 122, a loss of £1. It is the old story of liquidation and undigested stock in connection with recent difficulties. There really was, however, just a little investment business.

Put market weakness down to that cause of market wreckage, wherever it is, and you will not be far wrong. Yet the markets want to improve. One can see it nearly all round the Stock Exchange if they have the slightest chance. Get a home for this lost stock and the thing is done. As to the company promoters, they are simply waiting with their pockets stuffed full of new prospectuses to offer to a hungry public. It seems timely to issue a word of warning to the small investor against the touting invitations which he appears to be receiving from all the scoundrels in Christendom at the present time.

AMERICANS' WEAK SPECULATORS.

Nobody wants Americans, and, what is more, nobody will have them. Here again the real trouble is the great array of weak speculators with large amounts of stock to liquidate, both here and in New York. How many brokers on the London Stock Exchange, for instance, failed to secure their differences from clients who had been gambling in this section? It is a goodly number, if the facts could be got at. The case was weak.

The Ashanti Goldfields group is quite discredited enough without having any further disappointments. The Ashanti Sansu report is just about as bad as it well could be. The new manager wisely wants to stop milling until he can push development work ahead. An independent report is now to be got on the property, the result of which of the management in the past? Apart from this discredited group, West Africans were fairly firm to-day. Egyptians are now paying the penalty of the gambling of the past.

Kaffirs were uncertain, perhaps rather better for choice, and helped by the cessation of Paris sales, many things were rather better on the day. A good many shares were sold to-day. Rhodesians did not derive much benefit from the official intimation that the report of the Banket engineer, to hand by mail, fully confirms the cabled report.

ANSWERS TO INVESTORS.

Commencing with this week's issues the “Daily Mirror” is prepared to furnish answers to inquiries on the subject of stocks, shares, and other forms of investment. Names of brokers, recognised members of leading Stock Exchanges, will only be furnished for bona-fide investment business.

Provincial Union Bank (H. W.): On no account.—John B. McKenzie and Co. (C. H.): No.—Circular (F. R. J.): We will deal with the matter shortly.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1905

A PITIABLE WASTE.

WHILE the London Season is making the West End gay with countless entertainments, lighting up the streets with dainty dresses and filling the soft spring evenings with music, there is another season in full swing at the same time. We mean the May Meeting season.

It is just now that all societies, institutes, associations, federations, and leagues gather some sprinkling of their members together for the purpose of reviewing the past and taking fresh heart for the future. Every day there is a long list of such gatherings. Every imaginable scheme finds supporters. There is even in existence still a Society for the Conversion of the Jews!

The meetings have an amusing side. The pomposity of chairmen, the fussiness of secretaries, the cheerful inattention of audiences, the obviousness of the fact that in nearly every case the organisation exists for the benefit of some one individual clever enough to appear disinterested—all these are commonplaces of the comic papers.

But there is a pathetic side, too. Think of the amount of money and the stores of energy that are wasted on all sorts of trumpery objects which no one really cares a button about. In England it is the easiest thing in the world to form a society. Any number of people will join, simply because they have not spirit enough to refuse. But as for doing anything intelligent to help you—you might just as well enrol a flock of sheep!

These societies, too, are not merely useless; they are positively bad. They create a false impression that we are doing a great deal to fight against national evils, whereas we are, in fact, doing very little indeed. We shall not remake our social system by fussing around to hear prosy peers and parsons mouth out self-satisfied speeches. And if we do not remake our social system, then Britain's day is done.

"SAVE THE MEN FIRST."

That was the cry of Mme. du Gast, owner and skipper of the motor-boat Camille, when the rescue party from a French warship got on board her poor little craft to snatch her and the rest of the crew from the violence of the sea.

"Save the men first." It sums up in a sentence the attitude of the emancipated woman. Free from the nervousness of her sex, hardened by constant exercise and frequent peril of life and limb, the man-woman comes out a finer specimen of humanity in many ways than the mere man.

Mme. du Gast is thirty-five, and an adept at all kinds of manly sport. She can give a good account of herself with the gloves on. She fences with a leg as steady and as firm as a wrist as any man's could be. She steered her own car in the great Paris-Madrid motor race. Bare-back riding is child's play to her.

No wonder she looks upon men as the weaker sex. She feels they must be treated with consideration. She admires their gentleness and patience. She would not for the world presume upon her superior sinews.

Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength, But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

That is how she feels towards the inferior animal, man. She showed it and her greatness of mind by that superb ejaculation, "Save the men first."

A French philosopher has suggested that in time there will arise a class of women who will live and move and have their being on an exact equality with men. We can well believe it—all except the equality. The man-woman bids fair to be the greatest thing in human beings that the world has ever known.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds.—*Dr. W. E. Channing (1790-1842).*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the King of Spain, who is soon to be our guest in London, celebrates his nineteenth birthday. It will be a relief for this "child of many prayers" to get away from the formalism which is the very air breathed at the Spanish Court, for a little while. Almost as soon as he was born he became the prey of grannies and tutors. He was a posthumous child, and when his mother, whose care and encouragement have helped him through the weakness of early youth, was told that the child of her dead husband was a boy, she exclaimed: "My poor Alfonso is no longer here to see the soft whom he so ardently desired!"

Ever since then Alfonso XIII.'s life has been regulated as by clockwork. In the morning at six a.m. he is awakened by grannies and majordomos, who help him to dress, and pour bits of miscellaneous instruction into his docile ear. Then there is a little exercise in the gymnasium, and breakfast. Then, at least until a year or two ago, tutors, tutors, nothing but tutors—to teach him how to ride, how to be a soldier, and a sailor, and a

again. He was betrayed into the hands of the Republicans, and shot like a common felon at Queretaro in 1867. His distracted widow spent her days in imploring indifferent Europe to avenge her, until her troubles ended in madness.

"Vanity Fair" devotes a cartoon this week to his Majesty's quail, Sir George Anderson Critchett, who is so well known in theatrical circles. Sir Anderson's devotion to the stage and all who have anything to do with it is quite remarkable, and I have heard that he shows it by treating all members of the profession free of charge. Sir Anderson's younger brother is the well-known dramatist, Mr. E. C. Carton, author of "Mr. Hopkinson," which is enjoying such a successful run. Lady Critchett gives several dances during the season at her house in Wimpole-street.

Miss Alice Balfour, who has just returned to town from a holiday in the South of France, plays a most unselfish and important part in the Prime Minister's life, freeing him from all household cares, managing all worrying details about repairs and the buying of horses and the getting of servants herself. It is owing to her that Mr.

A PHYSICIAN.

(By a Surgeon.)



A famous German doctor has been declaring that surgeons are far too fond of operations. Naturally the surgeons, retaliating, and talk about the mediæval methods of medicine still in vogue. A pretty quarrel is in progress.

A SURGEON.

(By a Physician.)



politician, and a linguist. Tutors talk to him at meals, out for walks, always and everywhere. He has now secured a little time to himself at about six o'clock in the afternoon, and this he devotes to developing and arranging the photographs he has taken with his beloved camera.

Sir Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald, who are to have the honour of entertaining the King at dinner in their house, The Severals, at Newmarket, today, are great favourites with the Royal Family. Several times they have been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales in their Irish home at Valentia Island, county Kerry. Sir Maurice bears the strange and mediæval title of the Knight of Kerry, of which he is far more proud than of his baronetcy, and he has served as Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, who is the godfather of his eldest son.

There is something ironical in the fact that a woman should have attempted to pass herself off as the widow of the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. She could scarcely have worn the mask of a more melancholy figure. The Princess Carlotta, sister of the present King of Belgium, was always a very ambitious woman. It was she who induced her husband to take up his hazardous place in Mexico, and her ambition ended, at last, in misfortune and madness.

Maximilian, brother to the present Emperor of Austria, when he got over to Mexico, found a strong Republican party ranged against him. He was only able to cope with this by the help of Napoleon III. of France, and a time came when France could help no more. Then Maximilian, left alone to grapple with half a nation in revolt, sent his wife to Europe to beg for men and money. Carlotta left for Europe in 1860. She never saw her husband

Balfour can give himself so unrestrictedly to the contemplation of the absolute, or the playing of golf when he escapes from his parliamentary labours.

In spite of the fact that her devotion to her brother cumbers her with "much serving," Miss Balfour has had time to travel all over South Africa. To show how she roughed it out there I may quote her statement that once, for twenty-four hours, all she and her companions had to wash in was "one small cup of water—and that black with mud." She was stopped at a Boer frontier on another occasion by a man who demanded a passport. She had none, but showed him a vaccination certificate, which she happened to have about her, instead. He could read no English, so he had to be satisfied and let her pass quite readily.

The Mermaid Repertory Theatre is extremely active, under the enterprising direction of Mr. Philip Carr, just now. Mr. Carr is about to revive "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," which made a genuine hit at the Royalty last winter. This amusing Elizabethan farce will be played on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings at 8.15. Then there is to be a revival also of Mr. Gilbert's comedy, "The Palace of Truth." The author is himself directing the rehearsals. Mr. Gilbert was always at his best during the rehearsals of a play.

He insists that every detail shall be perfectly correct. He hates actors to forget their parts, and then to put him off with the inevitable "It will be all right on the night." Once Mr. Rutland Barrington, playing a grave ecclesiastic, came on with a flighty-looking little cane, instead of with a dignified wand of office. "Do you represent the Church or Tattersall's?" roared Mr. Gilbert from the stalls. And the rehearsal was stopped until a proper stick was procured.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE CRAZE FOR SPEED.

Your Maidenhead reader need not worry much about motor-boats. Their day will soon be over. Look at the result of the much-advertised race from Algiers to Toulon. All but one of the competitors are at the bottom of the sea.

The river boats are trumpery little craft, too, and will soon come to grief. The sooner the better, say I and all other river residents. A. B. B. Henley-on-Thames.

TRAMWAYS OR OMNIBUSES.

Ten years ago, when the rest of the world enjoyed the cheap and fast electric tram, the L.C.C. overlooked us North Londoners. Now that the tram has come and gone, and the much better motor-omnibus is fast taking its place, they propose spending £12,000,000 on trams for us.

Why cannot they pave our principal roads with wood, do away with the tramline as a nuisance that is no longer a necessary evil—and give us motor-omnibuses? T. WOOLTWELL. 63, Claremont-road, Highgate.

SPOILING THE PARKS.

I have just come to London after eight years' absence in India, and the sight of St. James's Park fills me with regret. All the shade along the Mall gone. Trees cut down: their places taken by saplings; a great, bristling road substituted for the pleasant paths under the trees where one could stroll comfortably and find peace from the City's roar.

Now they are running another starring yellow road through the Green Park. Whose folly is this? COLONEL. Junior United Service Club, St. James's.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

Your correspondent, W. E. Weller, is not the only one who has been helped out of "the Valley of the Shadow" by brandy. But this does not make it any less a poison (a "true narcotic, with a prolonged period of excitation"). Even strychnine is given in cases of collapse.

Alcohol is a whip, and should only be in the hands of those who know when, and how, to use it. Too much notice should not be taken of doctors who prescribe it constantly; it is bad, but true, that their judgment is sometimes overcome by "tact." Plymouth. J. WILLIAMS.

DEARTH OF RECRUITS.

I am not surprised recruits are hard to get, seeing how we treat our soldiers who have given the best years of their lives to their country.

I know a man who served for thirty-four years in one regiment. His father had been thirty years in it before him.

When he was discharged he applied to the Corps of Commissionaires for work. "Too old" was the answer. The same reply was given him by Headquarters when he asked for a sergeant-recruitment.

Is his experience likely to encourage enlistment? Eastbourne. R. E.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Count Okuma.

HE is said to be the strongest man in Japan, the Gladstone of his country. He is the leader of the Progressive Party in a country which is essentially progressive.

In Japan and the Foreign Offices of Europe they say that his voice is the voice of the Japanese people, that his views are those of Japan. Now that voice has stated Japan's resolution about the war. "Japan will not yield in any way," it says, "and the longer the war is prolonged the more Russia will have to pay."

He has a great respect for European countries, but he does not see in what way they are better than Japan. The only thing Japan lacks, he says, is education.

But though he thinks the European is not the superior of the Japanese, he does not seem to make use of him. Japan is for the Japanese, but he makes use of the European in educational matters—for the present.

For a progressive Japanese he is exceedingly conservative in some things. He will wear European evening dress or uniform—and looks his worst in them—but he prefers a kimono. He has a European half to his house, in which to receive visitors, but he lives in the Japanese half.

"The most European thing about him personally is his wooden leg, which came from America. His own was blown off by the dynamite bomb of an assassin who disapproved of his political policy."

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 16.—The early varieties of lilychris are quickly coming out. One plant is covered with vermilion flowers, splendid for picking. This family includes the Ragged Robin, familiar to lovers of the country-side.

The scarlet lilychris is also pushing up, and, later on, will give beds a touch of this rather rare garden colour when the fulgens anemones are over. Brooms are fast becoming glowing masses of yellow. The white variety, if only by way of contrast, is very pretty.

Every spring I dream of a May garden. No plants save those flowering in the "merry month" are there. It is completely surrounded by tall laburnums that droop over compact hedges of broom. E. F. T.

NEWS

MISS VERE DAWNAY,



Daughter of Lady Victoria Dawnay, whose engagement is announced to Mr. M. H. Pryce-Jones.—(Alice Hughes.)

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.



Latest and best photograph of the Scotch-American who has given away twenty-two million pounds for philanthropic purposes. Photographed at Eastbourne on Monday when he was receiving the freedom of the borough.

British Boats in the Ocean Yacht Race.



The Valhalla (top photograph), owned by the Earl of Crawford, and the Sunbeam (underneath), belonging to Lord Brassey, are the only British vessels in the race from New York to the Lizard for the German Emperor's Cup. The start was made yesterday.

MAFEKING DAY.



General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the hero of the siege, presides over the Mafeking dinner to-night at Prince's Restaurant.—(Mauld and Fox.)



SHALLOW UNDERGROUND T



The London County Council's new tramway lines Southampton-row

FRENCH MURDERER



All that is left of the stronghold of Roy at Chateaufort. His fort was blown up with melinite. photograph in the top right-hand corner.

NEWS IN GRAPHS

TATION—L.C.C. SYSTEM.



completion. This shows the station at T's-road.

BLOWN UP.



who for ten days held out against as captured on Sunday night. The troops "stalking" Roy.

Members of the Nobility Who Keep Shops.



So many noblemen and noblewomen keep shops nowadays that one can deal almost exclusively with persons of title. The top photograph shows Lord Rayleigh's milk shop in Bloomsbury. The second photograph is the millinery shop in Bond-street, started by Lady Warwick. The third is Lady Wimborne's bookshop in Bond-street, and the bottom photograph shows Lord Londonderry's coal office in Vauxhall, where a reliable Wallsend or kitchen coal can be obtained. (Terms cash on delivery.) Photographs of the heads of the establishments appear in a corner of each picture.—(Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Barnett, Lafayette, and Russell.)

VIEWS

MISS KATHERINE TREFUSIS.



Her engagement to the Hon. A. Crichton, son of Lord Erne, has just been announced.—(Bassano.)

SPAIN'S KING IS NINETEEN.



Celebrates his birthday to-day. He will visit England next month and receive royal entertainment.

HOW TO MAKE THE ARMY POPULAR AGAIN.

Plain Reasons for Its Present Inability To Attract Recruits.

Yesterday our soldier Prince presided over the annual meeting of the National Association for Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers. That association is doing good work, and it is no secret that the Army authorities support the work because they find it so hard to get recruits. But many other things must be done before we can once more fill up the Army ranks with the kind of men we want.

It is sad, but true, that in these cluttered days the average recruit enlists for one of three reasons; either he seeks to improve his position, or he is fascinated by the glamour surrounding scarlet and brass, or, having made civil life too hot to hold him, he enters the Army as a sanctuary.

ENLISTS TO SERVE HIMSELF.

The welfare of his country, the possibility of being called on to sacrifice life or limb in its service, is the last contingency that occurs to him. He is actuated by no desire to serve his country; he only intends it shall serve him.

Of course, there are isolated exceptions (their comrades stigmatise them as "Army-barmy"). But the average soldier is disappointed; disillusionment follows him from the day of his enlistment. Sympathy like a sir and polo mares scarlet and brass, or, having made civil life too hot to hold him, he enters the Army as a sanctuary.

As for the Army being a sanctuary—! That which a civilian may do with impunity, is in a soldier accounted being a sin. The advantages of the Army. This is an instructive and remarkably consistent little work. So methodically are disadvantages ignored that one can scarcely believe they exist. One is confronted by a full-length portrait of a Utopia wherein the much-envied participant is housed, clothed, fed, washed, and nursed by a paternal State; which, moreover, pays him the sum of 1s. and some odd pence per diem for the privilege of ministering to his wants. It shows exactly what the Army might, and is intended, to be, and exactly what it is not.

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MAN WHO KNOWS SAYS "DON'T."

The time-expired man has contrasted the picture with the reality. Once back among civilians, among the class that supplies the majority of recruits, he hesitates not to express his opinions. To the would-be recruit he tenders Punch's chilling advice, "Don't."

In other professions improvement and innovation are the order of the day. In the Army Council they are opposed tooth and nail. The nearest approach to innovation is the introduction of a cap more hideous and idiotic than its predecessor, or a

new badge or button. For that sort of thing an expensive, snoring staff is maintained.

What the public pays for, and what it should demand, is someone who understands the soldier, who can deal with him as a man and as a unit of the first fighting force in the world. Even the War Office dolls admit that, primarily, it is the man behind the gun that counts. So, logically, they consider the gun—yawn—forget the man—yawn—forget both—and snooze. Wake them up!

Awakened, what have they to do? First, to grasp the fact that the case for the Army is not bad; that it is on the high road for Lost only through those who are, or have been, incapable of conducting it.

SIZE NO VALUE.

Next, they must reduce the standard of measurement. The Japs are daily impressing the lesson that a man's size is worth no consideration. As a matter of fact, the little man is the bloodthirsty man. He is just as capable of rushing in where angels fear to tread. Let any man who is capable of handling a gun and desirous of doing it, do it.

And then, having got an army together, in fact as well as on paper, proceed to bring common sense to bear.

Do not only allow a man certain rations; see that he gets them. See that the soldier gets his three-quarters of a pound of meat, including fat and bone, is not three-quarters of a pound of fat and bone including meat. As an experiment, abolish quartermasters; they mostly have private fortunes. See that the food is fresh, clean, and properly cooked.

Experiment the second—Abolish regimental cooks. They usually have growing families outside—except the master-cook, who has a private understanding with the contractors. Then maybe the soldier will get his legitimate food.

Either allow all soldiers to don civilian garb when off duty or, better still, make all ranks wear uniform always, off duty as well as on.

Experiment the third—Do not turn the time-expired man adrift, unprepared, on a strange world. Teach him a trade. Let comparisons between soldier and convict no longer be possible. Then will the soldier thank the Army, and expulsion will be a matter of regret, not, as at present, of relief.

NEW SCHOOL OF GESTURE.

French Actress To Teach English Players How To Express Emotion.

Yesterday afternoon Mlle. Jane May, who secured instant fame in London a few years ago by her wonderful silent acting in "L'Enfant Prodigue," told the *Daily Mirror* something about the new "School of French Mimicry" she is founding in London.

"You great English actors are beside the question," she exclaimed. "Mr. Tree, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Wyndham—these have their own methods of expression, their own 'life.' But the younger actors—" She paused expressively.

"I have a pupil, an Englishman, who says 'Great heavens, I am going mad; this suspense is killing me!' with the same action with which he would say 'Bring me a cup of tea!'"

"The chief aim of my pupils shall be to live, to vibrate with the life of the character represented."

into the dim—and lurid—past, and choosing a nice long straw from the King's bedding, which he sucked slowly, "I wish," the girl's words were distincts and didn't allow reason his head, that I was successful-like: the days when I spotted winners like scarlet-fever spots an infant; long priced winners, too! My Fear-Nothing-Extra-Special Naps was world renowned—and 'twas all just instinct. As soon as I really knew the game and got friendly-like with owners and their people, why, I couldn't get hold of an odds-on chance, strutt stuff-uns by the dozen!"

"Oh, don't start digging up your past," cried Marvis testily, "but go and dig up some manure for my rose trees."

"Very good, sir." If Billy could find Billy to dig up the whole of Epsom Downs he would cheerfully have started to obey. For though nominally Billy was head-lad and mighty proud of his position, yet at heart he was nothing more than Joe Marvis's and Lyndal Maybrick's slave.

"And look here, Billy," added the trainer warningly, "don't forget that you're not a tipster now. You don't want any instinct at the Rose Cottage Stables, my lad."

"Just so, sir. As you wish, sir," Billy said with something like a twinkle in his eye, "but 'twas instinct as made you pull me out of the river when they chucked me in a few years ago, wasn't it? 'Twas instinct as made you save my life more'n a time or twice, in the face of reason or common sense."

"Marvis had no answer ready, so he asked a question."

"What have you done with The Brute?" "You said I might have the old cow-house, he's there still, sir; and he ain't doing no harm. I made a sack of seed, and it's got a respectable loose box, though I daresay 'twill be a bit draughty in the winter."

"You're a comical beggar, Billy," laughed Marvis. "Let's have a look at him."

Billy led the way to The Brute's stable, and The Brute, when he heard Joe Marvis's pet, laid his

TEA NOW A REGULAR MEAL.

One Effect of the Motor-Car Is To Make Us Eat More and Oftener.

Do we eat more, or do we only eat oftener? Or are our habits like those of Lewis Carroll's Snark, whose

habits of getting up late, you'll agree, Were scandalous quite, when I say, That he'd frequently breakfast at afternoon tea And dine on the following day.

Certainly we all of us eat oftener. Most of us eat more, and our habits, if not quite those of the Snark, tend that way.

The latest sign of the times is the replacement of the usual afternoon tea, handed round in cups with the accompaniment of perhaps a wafer of bread and butter and a fragment of cake, by sit-down teas served at small tables. In future tea is to rank as one of the meals of the day, not as a mere "snack" between lunch and dinner.

DIFFERENT LIVES, DIFFERENT FOOD.

That we should need to feed oftener is not strange. Our lives are quite different from those of our mothers and fathers, and we must feed differently.

The life of "rush" led by the modern man and woman, and the advent of the motor-car are responsible. From morning to long after midnight we are "on the go." Take the day of a fashionable woman in the season.

Before breakfast, a ride in the Park. The breakfast which follows is naturally no finicking affair. After breakfast she is in her motor-car.

If there is one thing more than another which induces an appetite it is motoring. The result is that a "snack" of some sort or other is taken before lunch, especially as lunch is now at two o'clock, not one o'clock.

Modern women who spend their morning in regulating the affairs of their household, spend the greater part of the afternoon in peaceful reflection after their mid-day meal, and wanted little before dinner, even when it receded from six o'clock to seven, and then to half-past.

The modern society dame has no quiet, peaceful afternoon. She is up and about, more likely than not, in her motor-car again. When tea-time comes, tea has to be a meal. There is the afternoon's wear and tear to be replaced, and dinner is a long way off—no till eight o'clock or a quarter-past.

TWO EXTRA MEALS.

After dinner there is still no peace—she is out somewhere, opera or ball or reception—and four hours later she is thinking seriously of what is least likely to disagree with her for supper.

Not many years ago there were but three meals—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—and one "snack," afternoon. There were five meals—breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and supper—and one "snack," the one between breakfast and lunch. That is a clear increase of two meals a day.

Afternoon tea has always been essentially an English institution. In America they cannot make tea. In France, "six o'clock" was never a success. The German's approach is the coffee which the German sometimes takes in the afternoon.

Now that afternoon tea is a meal, it will be more essentially our own than ever.

ears flat, tucked his tail away, and let his heels fly.

"Billy walked up to him and put his arm around his neck."

"Now, darlin', be quiet; no one's comin' near you 'quaint, my boy, quiet!"

The Brute rubbed his nose against the ugly wrinkled face pressed close to his, but his ears remained flat and his eyes flashed white.

"If that Marvis man comes within striking distance," he said, "look out!"

The Marvis man knew too much.

"What are you going to do with him, fatten him up for cats' meat?" he cried.

"The Brute heard, and the insult was more than he could bear. He flung his heels high in the air—out he went."

"I'm going to train him," Billy said quietly, "with your permission, sir."

"For a circus? Billy's performing Brute, eh?"

"For a roundabout, perhaps," Billy said dreamily; "a nice circular course—like Epsom—would suit him."

"You're a silly old fool," laughed the trainer.

"Be careful he don't get out and get into mischief, that's all. I shall shoot on sight, mind."

Billy nodded, and locking up his "pet" he started to dig manure for Marvis's roses.

"Billy's going to put The Brute in training," Marvis told Lyndal as a good joke that night at dinner. "I've been looking up the arrangements that were made when he was a yearling, and I find him down for the Derby. I believe the old idiot would run him next year if he could."

"You wouldn't object, would you?" Lyndal said.

"If I didn't there'd be plenty who would. I can see The Brute at the starting-gate, I can," and Marvis laughed loudly.

"Can't think why you allow the old maniac such a free hand," Merrick said, remembering his bruises. "I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. You're taking an awful risk."

The old maniac was just passing the window on

(Continued on page 11.)

WORRY AND ANXIETY

In innumerable cases, worry and anxiety, which are inevitable under modern conditions of life, lead to a weakened and impoverished condition of the nervous system. These are forms of mental and nervous fatigue, and clearly show that the nervous system is unequal to the demands made upon it by business responsibilities, social obligations, or professional duties. Such feelings give most urgent and emphatic warning that the nervous system has become enfeebled, either as a consequence of nervous overstrain or owing to imperfect nutrition, due to physical illness or disorder. Don't neglect the early signs, but recognise at once their seriousness and what they point to in the future. That is the way to avoid danger of nervous prostration, breakdown, or collapse.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Of which worry and anxiety are such distressing symptoms, demands special treatment, the nature of which is easily understood. If the body is weak everyone realises that it shows plainly that fitting nourishment is required. The same thing is equally true if the nervous system is weakened. Proper nutrition is urgently required, but it must be of a special character if it is to rebuild nerve and brain tissue.

SPECIAL TREATMENT REQUIRED

But how seldom does the exhausted nervous system receive the right treatment. In many cases stimulants are resorted to, which give merely a fictitious temporary strength to the nerves, but as soon as their effect has passed off actually leave them more weakened and worn out than before. If the nervous system be exhausted it requires (1) a remedy that will assist the nervous system to assimilate nourishment from the ordinary food, and (2) one that will supply the vital nerve elements which have been lost, and which are the strain of overwork and which are still being worn away at a quicker rate than they are being replaced. These two essential principles are embodied in Bishop's Tonules, and that is why they have been so strikingly successful, and that the demand for them is going up by leaps and bounds.

WHAT ARE BISHOP'S TONULES?

The answer can be given in two words—a nerve nutrient. No truer description can be given. They improve the nutrition of the nerves, build up the worn-out tissues, and thus give nerve restoration. In addition, by the strength they give to the nerves they enable them to extract from the food taken further supplies of the elements they have lost, so that the benefits derived from their use are both direct and indirect. Does not this encourage you to give them a trial?

REASONABLE CLAIMS

There is no pretence that Bishop's Tonules work any magical change immediately, but the claim for Bishop's Tonules is simply that they supply the nerve and brain elements that are lacking, and that they are supplied in such a form that they can be taken up easily and naturally by the nerves. As soon as ever you commence with Bishop's Tonules the nerve-wearing process stops. Hence it is only reasonable to expect nerve restoration where they are used.

The effects of the Tonule treatment may not be apparent the first day, but they are absorbed, but after a short time the appetite improves, the assimilation of food is promoted, the liver stimulated, and the flow of bile increased. The various organs of the body show improved activity, and the building up of the tissues is hastened. The nerves grow brighter and the complexion more healthy. There is a new vigour in the thin skin, the gain flesh, while soft and fleshy flesh becomes firm. In addition to all this, the symptoms of nervous exhaustion and debility gradually disappear, and in a shorter or longer time full nerve power will be regained.

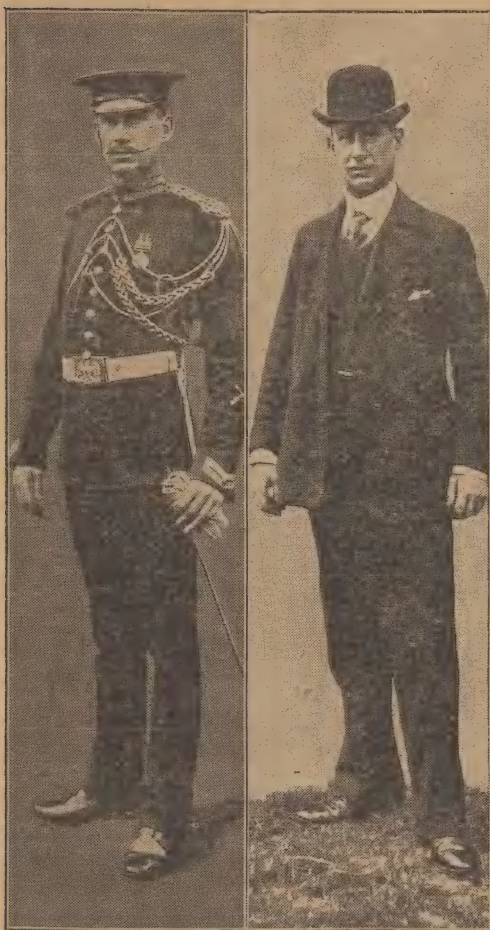
CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Mr. Everitt, Nunhead, E.S.E., writes: "Being a great sufferer for the past three years from chronic dyspepsia, severe headaches, and nervous exhaustion, and having tried several remedies without any good effect being obtained, I commenced to think that my condition was hopeless, and I became despondent, which brought me down to a very low state. I happened to meet a great friend, and he strongly advised me to try Bishop's Tonules, as he himself knew of their great power through another friend of his that had been cured by them. I determined to give them a trial, and after the first bottle the results were evident. They put new life into me, and I continued the treatment, and by degrees the nerves became stronger, the headaches ceased, the sight cleared, and my health has resumed its normal condition, and I can emphatically say that Bishop's Tonules have worked a miracle. I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the most marvellous result, for the benefit of sufferers affected in a like manner. I shall not fail to recommend them largely to my friends. You are at liberty to do as you please with this letter."

WRITE AT ONCE.

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UNIFORM v. MUFTI.



Non-commissioned Army officers are asking for the privilege of going about in mufti, which is enjoyed by the officers. Portraits of Corporal Ford, of the 1st Life Guards, in his uniform and in ordinary clothes.

A RIDER NO HORSE CAN THROW.



Mile. Mariska Recsey, of Hungary, defies any English horse to throw her. She will experiment with some very violent steeds on Friday next.

POLAR RELIEF SHIP SAILS.



The Terra Nova left the West India Docks yesterday for the Arctic regions to search for the America, the United States expeditionary ship under Mr. Fiala, sent by Mr. Ziegler to find the North Pole.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

his way to the roses, and he heard Arthur Merrick's words, and his face twitched convulsively. He hesitated a moment as if to listen for Marvis's reply—habit again! But Billy had spent a good many years in killing bad habits, and he gripped himself in time, and passed out of earshot.

"And I wouldn't trust you, Mr. Merrick; not now I wouldn't," he growled savagely, his heart beating quickly at the unjust remark. "The moment I see you get up on the coil yesterday I noticed something come over you... Old maniac, you called me—p-raps I am, but I know more about horses afore I was born than you will if you lives to Methuselah's age."

Billy's soul might have been comforted if he had heard Lyndal's reply.

"I trust Billy implicitly," she said hotly, "and I want you, Pater, as a favour to me to let him train The Brute—the affection between those two is quite wonderful; there is something pathetic about it, too."

Marvis merely grunted; he liked to pretend that he was hard-hearted and hard-headed.

"Yes, I'd trust Billy more than anyone else," Lyndal repeated. Then she looked at Arthur and smiled, "or as much—even as much as you and the Pater."

"Dare say I'm wrong," Merrick muttered, growing suddenly interested in his dinner. "Shouldn't judge the old fellow, of course; I suppose I'm prejudiced."

The subject dropped then, but after dinner Lyndal slipped her arm into Merrick's, just as she had been wont to do—before he went to stay with Vogel.

"Come and walk round the garden," she said. "I don't believe you've seen Pater's roses, and we haven't had a chat together yet. I want you to tell me all about your visit to the Vogels. Did you enjoy it? Did you meet any interesting people?"

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed it well enough," Merrick replied, feeling grateful to the dusk; "but, of course, I'm glad to be home again."

He forced himself to speak the last few words; he knew what an ingrate he must appear, and how changed in Lyndal's eyes.

A sudden desire to tell her everything came over him.

Everything! A second later he laughed aloud at the thought. How she would recoil from him, how her friendship and sisterly affection would turn to hate and scorn! It wouldn't be easy to bear Lyndal's scorn, for he knew how high was her ideal of a man's honour.

Since writing his letter to Dolores he had felt less like a spy and a usurper in the Epsom home; he felt less ashamed of himself, he could look old Marvis straight in the face and take Lyndal's hand without changing colour.

And he could mount King Daffodil with a clean heart and a steady nerve.

Only when he was alone a thousand devils shrieked in his ear, spat in his face, played pitch and toss with his heart over the flames of a raging hell.

He had sacrificed Dolores, he had broken his word to a woman—the woman he loved.

What would she say to him?

"You are very silent," Lyndal whispered, pinching his arm. "Have you nothing to tell me?"

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"Perhaps I've a great deal; so much that I can't find a beginning," he managed to laugh.

"What is Mr. Vogel like?"

"Oh, I don't know," Merrick said uneasily. "I don't care much about him, but I expect he's a good sort!"

With the wonderful power of obliterating self that love gives to some women, Lyndal Maybrick put her own disappointed hopes and expectations into the background, and thought only of Arthur. For the moment she was absolutely his sister again, content to be by his side, ready to laugh, play, or work with him—ready to console and comfort him.

"Something's worrying you, Arthur," she said, as they crossed the lawn and walked down the path guarded on either side by standard rose trees, in bud and blossom.

The soft evening air was filled with their scent; a solemn hush hung over the countryside, and the last rays of daylight hastened before the peeping stars. Already the nightingale was sending sudden passionate bars of music through the dark elm trees; and although Merrick's hand lay on Lyndal's arm, his thoughts had flown to Dolores.

If only she were with him now! Alone here in the dusk of this enchanted garden! Away from the horrible atmosphere of the millionaire's place.

Would she understand? Would she forgive him his letter? Would she consent to his daring proposal?

Lyndal repeated her question before he heard her, and started back almost guiltily to consciousness of the present.

The present was such purgatory for him; he was bound round in the coils of the past and in the untravelling skeins of the future.

"Why do you think I'm worried?" he asked lamely. "I'm all right."

"No, you're not," she said gently. "Don't you think I know your every mood? Do you think that you can keep anything from me? I don't want to pry into your secrets, but we've never had secrets."

"No; I am rather worried—but it's nothing."

They walked up and down in silence; but the

(Continued on page 13.)

AI SUITS

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A LOVELY EVENING GOWN DECORATED WITH ROCOCO EMBROIDERY IN THE LATEST FASHION.

AN ENGLISH BRIDE
IN AUSTRALIA.THE LIFE SHE WILL LEAD IN HER
NEW HOME.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Leslie, younger daughter of Charles Street, Esq., and Dr. Ernest Robinson, only son of the late Rev. John Robinson. A brief honeymoon will be passed in North Devon before the young married couple take up their abode in South Australia, where Dr. Robinson is about to practise.

Very un-English will life in a typical little Australian township of 800 souls seem at first to the young bride, though too many interests and duties will be crowded into the daily round to permit her to feel dull.

For the society of her own sex she will find herself chiefly dependent on the banker's wife and on the wives of the Nonconformist ministers residing in the township, a Church of England clergyman visiting the district only once in a month.

Tea At All Hours of the Twenty-Four.

There are numerous farmers settled in the neighbourhood with whose families young Mrs. Robinson will be expected to keep up a friendly intercourse, while she must, of course, be always ready for a pleasant chat with the postmistress or the storekeeper's wife when she meets them in connection with the endless bazars, concerts, social teas, and other functions so dear to the hearts of the worthy inhabitants of this and the neighbouring townships.

As the wife of the only medical practitioner within a radius of twenty miles, the future Mrs. Robinson must be prepared to interview her husband's patients in his absence, and listen sympathetically to their tales of suffering, never failing to offer the cup of tea prescribed by the unwritten laws of bush hospitality, whatever be the hour of the day or night.

The Sunday-school will claim a share of her attention, and she will probably be asked to play the harmonium at the weekly services conducted by a lay reader in the little Anglican church. By and by, when she has learnt the ways of the neighbourhood, she will find herself called on to act as lady visitor to look after the welfare of the State children, the orphans and destitute little ones whom the Government boards out and apprentices in due course with the country farmers.

Must Not Buy Jams and Pickles.

It is in her own little bungalow home, however, that the young wife's activities will centre. Living in a township in the midst of a flourishing agricultural district, she will no doubt be able to secure a young woman as general servant; but she must be prepared to sacrifice many English prejudices if she is to retain the services of this enfranchised daughter of a democratic State, whose vote at the election is of equal weight with her own, and who will be quick to despise her employer should the latter not show herself well versed in all household lore.

As a country practitioner, Dr. Robinson will necessarily keep two or three horses, and in the paddock where they run, which covers several acres, there will be ample pasture for a cow. This suggests butter, and clotted cream, and even cream cheese, of home manufacture, while poultry, fed



A pretty hat of pale blue Manilla straw, trimmed with blue and pink roses and a single pure white feather.

on the spare milk will yield eggs of superlative quality. No good Australian housewife would dream of buying cakes and scones, and store jams and pickles are shudderingly avoided. The coffee mill is as necessary in the Australian as in the American home, and the berries will probably be roasted over the glowing wood embers in a humble frying-pan.

The family washing will be done at home as a matter of course, but the baker will ply his rounds with the same regularity as in England.

Skill in driving is almost a necessity in an Australian country district, while riding adds immensely to the pleasure of life; but it is wise to understand the intricacies of harnessing and un harnessing a horse, for the lady who pass as grooms are woefully careless, and the adventurous rider who trusts entirely to their abilities may find

The latest form of sequin embroidery is called in Paris rococo, and is executed with chenille and floss silk, intermingled with paillettes. In the adjoining picture is shown a full dress robe, made of pale rose tulle, posed on tulle of a darker shade of damask, covered with trails of sequin and chenille roses that stand out from the background all over it.



herself in serious difficulties. Murraowice boasts of a tennis club, of which the doctor's wife will no doubt be appointed president in due course. There is a literary institute, too, with a respectable supply of standard books and papers, and the lending libraries in the capital send out the latest English novels to country subscribers on very moderate terms, so that the bride-elect need not fear suffering from literary starvation, though she will no doubt find the life around her more interesting than books in the land of her adoption.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

night spoke to both of them, the magic of the summer evening stirred both their hearts. Lyndal tried not to listen to the things the stars, the roses, and the bird's mad song told her; she tried only to think of Arthur.

"Have you fallen in love?" she said softly.

It was difficult to tell whether she spoke quite seriously or with a touch of humour. She asked the question on a sudden impulse that she was hardly responsible for, and when the words had been spoken she was as startled as Merrick.

The nightingale ceased his song as if to listen for the answer.

There could be only one answer—to Lyndal Maybrick; though his heart might deceive her, his tongue refused!

"Yes, I suppose—that I am," he said.

The nightingale carried away her song, flew darkly, a blurred patch, across their path.

Merrick did not notice that Lyndal's arm shook; he was hardly conscious of the fact that a moment later his hand no longer rested there. He was waiting so anxiously for her answer, and it was a long time coming.

She wanted to say "I'm glad," but her tongue refused to say the words.

"I hope you'll be very happy," she whispered instead. "Who—is she? Did you meet her at Mr. Vogel's house?"

He bowed his head.

"Yes, her name is Dolores—Dolores St. Merton."

"Dolores!" Lyndal repeated the name several times. She was trying to picture the owner of such a name.

"She loves you, too?" she asked.

"I think so."

"Then why are you unhappy?"

"There are difficulties," he stammered. Then, fearing her next question, he blurted half the terrible truth. "She is married—her husband lives abroad—he has never lived with her—the marriage was a mistake—she was trapped into it when she was very young. But perhaps I ought not to have told you, Lyn."

"Your secret is safe with me, Arthur. And I'm sorry—sorry she is married. I hope—her voice broke and she moved away. "If ever I can do anything—help you, I mean—"

She came to him again and laid a little white, trembling hand on his shoulder.

"You must let me meet her one day—if I'm your sister I must be her, too—her sister, too." Then she turned and disappeared quickly into the darkness, and Merrick was alone with the silence and the roses. And as the moon climbed the hill she disclosed glistening tears of the stars on every bed and blossom.

Merrick was nodding in his study; Lyndal bent over the back of his chair.

"Give me the keys, Pater."

"Eh? What—dear me, thought you were stargazing with Merrick. Keys?—shouldn't disturb 'em now, it's late."

"Just this once—please." She pressed her lips to his forehead.

Very well—bring 'em back, mind."

She turned away to the stables, and noiselessly unlocked King Daffodil's box. The colt pricked

his ears and whinnied gently as he recognised her step.

"Hush, King, hush!" she sobbed. "No one must know I'm here, old boy—no one must see me."

She crept to the horse's side, and put her arms around his neck and hid her face in his soft, silky coat.

"King, I had to come to you—there's no one else now—I'm so unhappy, King; forgive me—but I'm so unhappy."

She sobbed now, her tears falling fast and her breath coming in hard, sharp gasps. And the colt turned his head and tried to rub his nose against her arm, for he understood.

But the old human watchdog, with the one sleepless eye, had heard the rattle of the keys, and he had crept out of his room and stolen quietly to the stable door and peered in.

And he saw Lyndal with her arms around the colt's neck, and he heard her sobs and part of her broken sentences, and gently closing the door he crept back to his own room, and sat waiting until she should leave the stables.

"Who's hurt her?" he angrily asked the stars.

"Who done it, I want to know? Tell me!"—and he shook his fist into the night—"tell me, and I'll break every bone in his body!" "Arthur," she sobbed. "Twas his name, his—and the horse's—there's something wrong, something wrong," the old man muttered savagely. "An' it's him—it's him. An' it's something to do with her, and the colt—them two as I love best."

Again he shook his fist into the night.

If he harms either of 'em—God ha' mercy on him—'cause I won't!"

(To be continued.)

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